

SUMMER.

Let *lazy* Summer, swarthy in the sun
Lies panting, with bare breasts, upon the
hill,
Swathing her limbs in hazes warm and dun,
Where splendors into dusky splendors run.
And sultry glory all the heavens o'erfills.

Not a white dimple stirs among the corn,
Not a low ripple shivers through the
leaves:
None, wrapped in gold and crimson gleams
unshorn,
Came, flashing through the east, the regal
morn.
No throated twitterings gurgle around the
eaves.

Flooded in sunny silence sleep the kine;
In languid murmurs brooklets float and
flow:
The quaint farm-gables in the rich light shine,
And round them jannined honeysuckles
twine.
And close beside them sun-flowers burn
and blow.

Amid the growing heat I lay me down,
And into visions swarms the moted air;
Gleams up before me many a famous town,
Pillared and crested with a royal crown,
Outshimmering in an orient, purple glare.

Lo! lowly Tadmor, burning in its stands—
Babelbeck and Babylon; I see slow streams
Gilding by mosque and minaret—see the
gleams.

O, seas in sunset—slips or stands,
And drowsy Bagdad buried deep in dreams;
See swarthy monarchs flushed in purple
rings
Of silken courtiers; through half-open
doors
Catch the spice odors, and the cool of springs
Leaving forever in a maze of wings.
See light forms dancing over pearly floors—

Sleeping scragglos, spire and tremulous dome
Winking in drowsy splendor all the day—
See forest haunts, where thick the lions roam,
See thirsty panthers, splashed in bloody foam,
Leap terrible as lightnings on their prey;

Or stand with Cortez on a mountain peak
Above the Aztec city—see unrolled
Gems threaded shores of Montezuma weak—
See the white temples swarming thick and
sleek
And sunny streets stretch up by towers of
gold.

See silken sails float by, ambrosial,
Laden with spices, up a Persian glen;
Or stand on Lebanon, mid the cedars tall,
Or hear the soft and silver fall
Of water down a jut of Darien.

But lo! a waking shiver in the trees,
And voices 'mid the bay-cocks in the glen;
The sun is setting; and the crimson seas
Are shaken into splendor by the breeze,
And all the busy world is up again!

—London Athenaeum.

THE JEWEL-CASE.

"I shall not be gone more than a week, Meta," said Mrs. Darkedale, "and of course I feel that I can leave every thing in your charge, without the least anxiety."

"Of course you may, Mrs. Darkedale," said Meta, a flush of gratified pride mantling her cheek.

"One favor, however, I must ask," added Mrs. Darkedale, "and that is, that you will not receive any company during my absence."

She looked keenly at Meta Gray. The girl colored deep scarlet.

"I suppose you mean the Fenleys," said she, not without some constraint in her manner; "I do not expect to see them while you are gone."

"Very well," returned Mrs. Darkedale; "you are a good girl, Meta, and I think I may trust you."

Mrs. Darkedale was the relict of an East Indian merchant, who had left her widowed and childless in the world about two years previously.

Meta Gray was a distant relative, who had come to the Darkedale house, partly because her cousin's widow had written her a cordial invitation, and partly because she had nowhere else to go.

She was a pretty, enthusiastic young creature, who had somewhat strange ideas of the world, and who rather despised the promising wholesale grocer whom Mrs. Darkedale had selected as an eligible match for her, because he was a wholesale grocer.

"Sugar and raisins are so vulgar," said Meta, turning up her pretty little nose.

"No more so than stocks and bonds," retorted Mrs. Darkedale.

And, much to the good lady's vexation, Meta persisted in selecting for her bosom friend a dashing dandy, called Eudora Fenley, who fitted dresses and trimmed bonnets in a strictly private fashion, and had a poetical brother who gave guitar lessons.

Meta Gray was not often obstinate, but this was one of the few occasions on which Mrs. Darkedale got, as she herself phrased it, "thoroughly out of patience with the child."

"I believe they have bewitched her," said Mrs. Darkedale. "However, I'll say no more about it. Perhaps the fancy will wear itself out after awhile—and I've always heard that opposition is the

worst thing in the world to fan a flame."

So Mrs. Darkedale went away to her friend's sick bed, and left Meta Gray in possession, with only old Hannah, the maid, to share the honors. It was a novel and rather a pleasant responsibility to order the dinner and decide on the dessert; and, when that was settled, Meta went up stairs to "tidy up" Mrs. Darkedale's room, straighten the guipure lace coverlet and put away the various articles that the good lady had left scattered on chairs, sofa and dressing-table in her haste of preparation.

As Meta folded up a cashmere scarf something dropped with a clink on the floor.

"Mrs. Darkedale's keys!" she exclaimed aloud.

It was true. The little bunch had somehow caught on the fringe of the scarf and got jerked out of the old lady's pocket, and she had gone off without them.

Meta was still looking at them, and pondering to herself Mrs. Darkedale's consternation at discovering their loss, when there came a soft tap at the door, and Miss Eudora Fenley rustled in, bringing with her a general impression of sparkling bigles and fluttering ribbons, and a decided odor of patchouli.

"Eudora!" exclaimed the girl. "How you did start!" said Eudora, with an affected little giggle. "No, I didn't ring. Hannah was cleaning the door-steps, and I just slipped in and came straight up here, as I didn't find you in the parlor. What's that you have in your hand? Keys?"

"Yes," said Meta, "Mrs. Darkedale's keys. She has gone off and forgotten them. See—here's the key of the china closet, and this big one locks the silver beaufet, and here's the wardrobe key, and the little one with the gilded top belongs to the jewel-box."

"The jewel box," said Eudora, with sparkling eyes. "Oh, Meta, that will be the very thing! I am going to a ball to-morrow night, and I've a pink satin dress and wreath, and a set of imitation jewels. Oh, if I could only wear real ones, just this once. Only for one evening, and Mrs. Darkedale would never know it. I've always heard that hers are such beauties!"

Meta turned pale and red.

"Oh, Eudora, I dare not!"

"Where would be the harm?" boldly demanded the milliner and dressmaker. No one would be injured, and I should be so proud. Mrs. Darkdale never wears the stones—a regular old miser, she is. And you've always told me, Meta, with a sentimental accent, "that you loved me."

"And so I do," faltered poor Meta.

"And you won't grant me this one favor—so trifling a one, too? Oh, Meta, what wouldn't I do for you?"

Slowly Meta unlocked the jewel-case; a square box of inlaid wood, which occupied one of the shelves of Mrs. Darkdale's wardrobe.

"There can be no harm in looking at them, at all events," thought she.

Mrs. Darkedale kept her costly and antique jewelry in a ruby velvet case, worn and tarnished by age, in one corner, and Meta had but just taken up this case when old Hannah knocked at the door.

"If you please, miss," said she, "There's a lady below who desires to see you immediately."

Eudora held out both hands, pleadingly.

"Only for one night, Meta," she urged. "I'll be personally responsible. Dear Meta, please."

Meta Gray hesitated in an agony of perplexity.

Hannah knocked again.

"She's in a hurry, miss," said Hannah.

"There, take them," cried Meta, pushing the case into Eudora's hand, "and oh, be careful of them! I ought not to let you have them, I know I ought not, but—yes, yes, Hannah, I am coming!"

And, relocking the jewel-box and wardrobe, she dropped the keys into her pocket and hastened down stairs, followed by the exultant Eudora Fenley.

The lady whose haste was so immediate proved to be only a poor friend of the Darkdales, and when she had taken a reluctant leave our poor little heroine found herself with abundant leisure to reflect over what she had done.

"Oh, how wrong it was of me!" she thought, with remorse and anguish. "But she will bring them back again to-morrow, and then I will never, never let them go out of my hands again."

Meanwhile, Miss Eudora Fenley, speeding homeward, like an arrow out of a bow, found herself checked at a street corner by the gentleman who gave guitar lessons and wore his hair curling down on his neck.

"Well," said he, in a low, imperious voice, "have you got it?"

"I have got no money."

A smothered execration burst from between his lips.

"Hush," said Eudora, impatiently.

"Do hear me out. I said I had no money; neither have I, but I've got better than that, Mrs. Darkedale's jewels."

She opened a fold of her dress just wide enough for him to perceive, in the depths of her pocket, the tarnished red velvet case.

His face brightened.

"Good," he said, briefly; "you're clever. But don't go home. Our little plans are discovered; the police are on the scent. I've got all the valuables, such as they are—and, with your wind-fall, we can go where we please."

After this little insight into the private life and conversation of Mr. Oswald Fenley and his accomplished sister, our readers may readily conjecture that Miss Eudora did not return the next morning with Mrs. Darkedale's jewel-case in her hand.

Meta waited until towards night, making all due allowance for Eudora Fenley's fatigue after a night of merry-making, and then, with throbbing heart, and strange, vague fears besetting her brain, hurried to the private dress-making and millinery establishment.

But, to her dismay, the apartments were vacated, and "To let" stared her in the face, wafered on the panels of the door.

"A bad lot, miss," said the landlady, indignantly shaking her head; "and if I'd any idea of what they was like I'd a-let my rooms stand empty afore I'd a-rented 'em to them. Why, miss, the police was here yesterday, and it seems they're a well known confidence pair—and me out of a quarter's rent into the bargain!"

"But where have they gone?" gasped Meta.

"That's what I'd like to know myself," said the landlady; "and what the police means to find out, too."

Meta Gray went home with her heart feeling like lead within her.

For an instant she, too, felt almost inclined to follow the example of Miss Fenley and her guitar-playing brother, and disappear mysteriously.

For now how could she ever face Mrs. Darkedale after this?

And Meta cried herself to sleep, not only that night, but every night for a week.

"I'm afraid it don't agree with you to be left alone, miss," said old Hannah, inquisitively scanning her young mistress's wan face and tear-swollen eyelids. "But there's one comfort—Mrs. Darkedale will soon be home now."

"Yes," feebly assented Meta.

But she didn't appear to brighten up very much at the immediate prospects of this "comfort."

Mrs. Darkedale came at last.

"Why, Meta," said she, "what's the matter? My poor child, you are as pale as a ghost; and you've been crying, too. Has any thing happened?"

"Yes," said Meta, striving to brace herself up for the confession which she knew must be made. "You left your keys!"

"I know it," said Mrs. Darkedale, quietly. "I missed them before I had been gone an hour."

"And—and I lent your jewels to Eudora Fenley. She only wanted to borrow them for one night to go to a ball. I know I did wrong, but she coaxed them from me before I knew what I was about. And she has disappeared; and—and, Mrs. Darkedale, the jewels are gone! Can you ever, ever forgive me? Will you allow me to work for you, like a servant, until I have made restitution?"

And Meta sank on her knees at the old lady's feet, with streaming eyes and voice choked with sobs.

Mrs. Darkedale put out her hand and stroked the girl's hair kindly.

"My dear," said she, "don't fret. There's not so much harm done after all. There would have been if the jewels had been in their case, but they were not."

"Not in their case?"

"No," said Mrs. Darkedale. "I took them out wishing to show them to a friend of mine, a jeweler, who proposed to reset them. I left the case be-

cause it was too cumbersome to carry. They are now being reset."

Meta drew a long breath of relief.

Miss Fenley had been cheated of her booty, after all, then, and had disappeared with only an empty case.

"But I was just as much to blame as if they had been in the casket," she uttered sadly.

"Why, yes," said Mrs. Darkedale, "only your loss has not been quite so expensive a one, and my jewels are safe. Now, Meta, lay this to heart, and don't let's ever speak of it again."

And at the end of the year, when Meta Gray married the young hero of the coffee and sugar trade, Mrs. Darkedale marked her estimation of Meta's character by giving her, as a wedding present, part of the jewels.

"For she is a good girl," said Mrs. Darkedale, "and she has chosen well and wisely."

The Story of Tecumseh and the Prophet Repeated.

The Nez Perces Indian outbreak in Idaho seems to be the story of Tecumseh and the Prophet over again. The Tecumseh of this new Indian crusade is called Joseph, and the Prophet is Smohalla, "the dreamer," who, with fiery eloquence, is stirring the hearts of the Indians to a final desperate effort for supremacy over the white man. The pretext of the outbreak is a grievance dating back 20 years, when the Governor of Washington Territory, in treating with the Nez Perces, refused to recognize the hereditary chief and elevated a cunning and tractable Indian to the chieftainship. Joseph, the present chief of the tribe, is son of a chief by the same name, ruler of an auxiliary clan, who was much dissatisfied with the old treaty, and the thirst for vengeance smothered in the father's breast has broken forth into bloody deeds by the hands of his hot-headed son.

But a powerful element in the uprising has been the insidious teachings of Smohalla, the Prophet. For years he has been instilling a new faith or superstition among the restless, credulous braves of all that region. In his youth Smohalla had been taught by the missionaries, but what he had learned from them was cunningly used by him not to make known to his benighted brethren the Savior of the world, but to set himself up as the savior of the red-man. The story of Gideon and his band was a Bible lesson of the missionaries that most deeply impressed itself upon Smohalla's memory. This was the legend oftenest used by him to inspire the savages to deeds of unparalleled valor against great odds. Gideon's band, reduced from many thousands to only 300, overcame the myriad hosts of the Midianites. The whites are the Midianites; they are powerful in numbers, but the Lord's own chosen few, the Indians themselves, should yet triumph and drive them from the land. At one time Smohalla was arrested and compelled to desist from spreading his incendiary doctrines, but of late he has been preaching with renewed zeal and success, and has at last achieved the onslaught for which he has so ardently toiled.

The cardinal points of Smohalla's doctrine are, that his follower's must be "wild Indians," not submitting to the practice of any of the arts of civilization; they must not tolerate the white man or have any intercourse with him save that necessary to buy arms and ammunition; they must not go upon any reservation, and they must avoid churches and school-houses as so many snares of the devil. Chief Joseph, who is now in the prime of manly vigor, is Smohalla's devoted disciple and willing tool. He scorns the white man, and despises the Indian who will tamely submit to peace with him. He has a following of 1,000 warriors, well armed and long anticipating war, and, from the nature of the country and its sparsely settled condition, his subjugation promises to be tedious and extremely difficult.—*Springfield Republican*.

Who is there that has not sat on the front steps with a certain one, while the whole landscape was bathed in a flood of silvery light, and dreamed that the fabled Utopia had been given to the earth. Yet what a commonplace prosiness surrounds the same place when she is seen scrubbing them the next morning, her skirts all suds and wearing a pair of gum shoes, with her little brother's straw hat.—*Philadelphia Herald*.